NUDE REFLECTIONS

A GOLDEN BOYS' PUBLICATION

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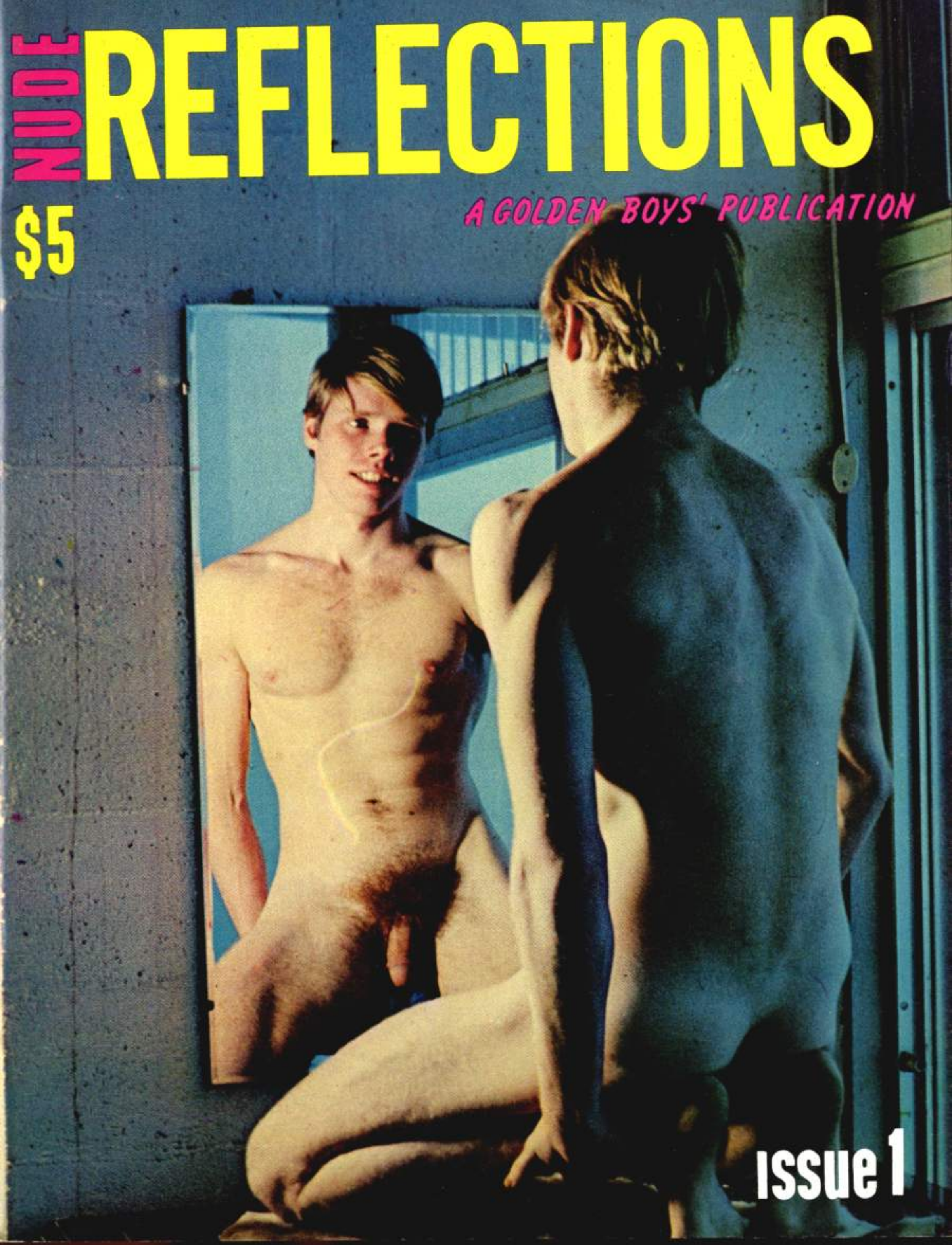

issue 1

NUDE REFLECTIONS one

published by

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CALAFRAN ENTERPRISES, INC
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FRONT COVER: Jack Strech from the **CALAFRAN** Collection

PAGE THREE: From the Golden Boys Collection

CENTER SPREAD: Scott McCoy from Rick Dion Studio

BACK COVER: Bill Davidson from the **CALAFRAN** Collection

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NUDE REFLECTIONS is produced to provide a collection of photo reference studies to be used by the Artist and Art Student in his studies of anatomy and the posing of the model. While it is always preferable to use a live model, photographs can provide an invaluable reference when a professional model cannot be obtained. Those desiring erotic or prurient material are warned that such is not to be found in this product, nor is it our intention to provide material of such a nature.

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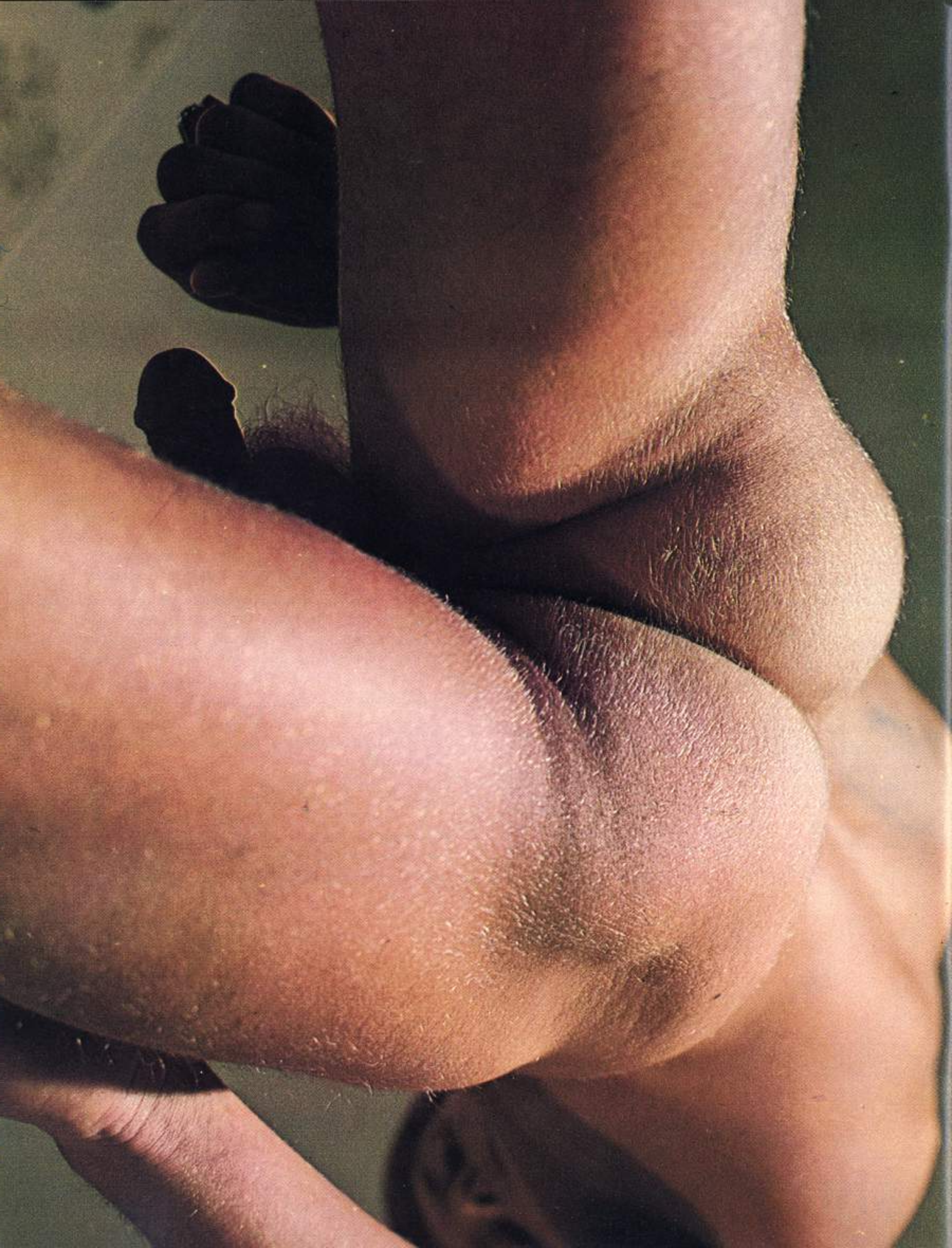


Editorial

If we were still in High School, and writing an exam paper, we might start this editorial with a definition of reflections from Webster's New Collegiate, but we have our own ideas about what reflections are. For us reflections are many things. This new magazine was created from the suggestions, ideas, and criticisms of the readers of our *GOLDEN BOYS* magazines. The many, many ideas we have received have aided us tremendously in improving *GOLDEN BOYS,* and have lead us to this new publishing venture. This publication, *REFLECTIONS,* then is a mirror of the ideas and the taste of our readers.

Reflections are memories and images to remember, and this too is our magazine. New models from new studios and favorite models from last year or last century. Reflections from the future and from the past. And reflections of now.

We see reflections in a lake, on the pavement when it rains, in the window when it's night, in a cocktail when it's quiet. Reflections, like youth, are a mood of beauty, often fragile and gone too soon if you look away or look too hard. Reflections you can see, but cannot touch, for to touch would be to loose. This is a part of our *REFLECTIONS,* the beauty of youth . . . the beauty of the idea and the ideal.

Reflections bring to mind the mythology of Narcissus. *REFLECTIONS* bring you the full flower of narcistic youth, handsome and justly proud. Powerful and strong willed or young and capricious, we present our reflections of youthful manhood, we present our *REFLECTIONS.*

With this our first issue, we are introducing three new studios and many new models. All-American sent us several models from Southern California, they are not quite ready to begin offering their work to public, but should be ready in a very short time, we'll have more from this new studio next issue.

Rick Dion from Portland, Oregon sent us young Scott McCoy. From what we have so far seen of Dion's work and models, this is a studio to keep your eyes on.

The work on pages 17 thru 23 comes from another newcomer, El Sol Productions in Hollywood. We visited this new studio on our last trip to Southern California and we were most impressed with the high quality of their work and models, and the very personable owner. Chuck, the young model featured in the El Sol section appears as our front cover man on another new Calafran magazine, the *sungods.*

Rapidly becoming a favorite of collectors, HRM Productions presents a most unusual interpertation of the male nude beginning on page 42. The model for this series, Scott was featured in recent issues of *Golden Boys.*

Also contributing to this issue are Mel Roberts and Troy Saxon with new photos of favorites. Sven Swede offers us a large assortment of his models in the Boys of Sweden feature starting page 31.

Our cover boy is a new Calafran model, Jack Strech. More of Jack can be found on pages 28-30. We'll soon be releasing photo sets and slide sets of this new model.

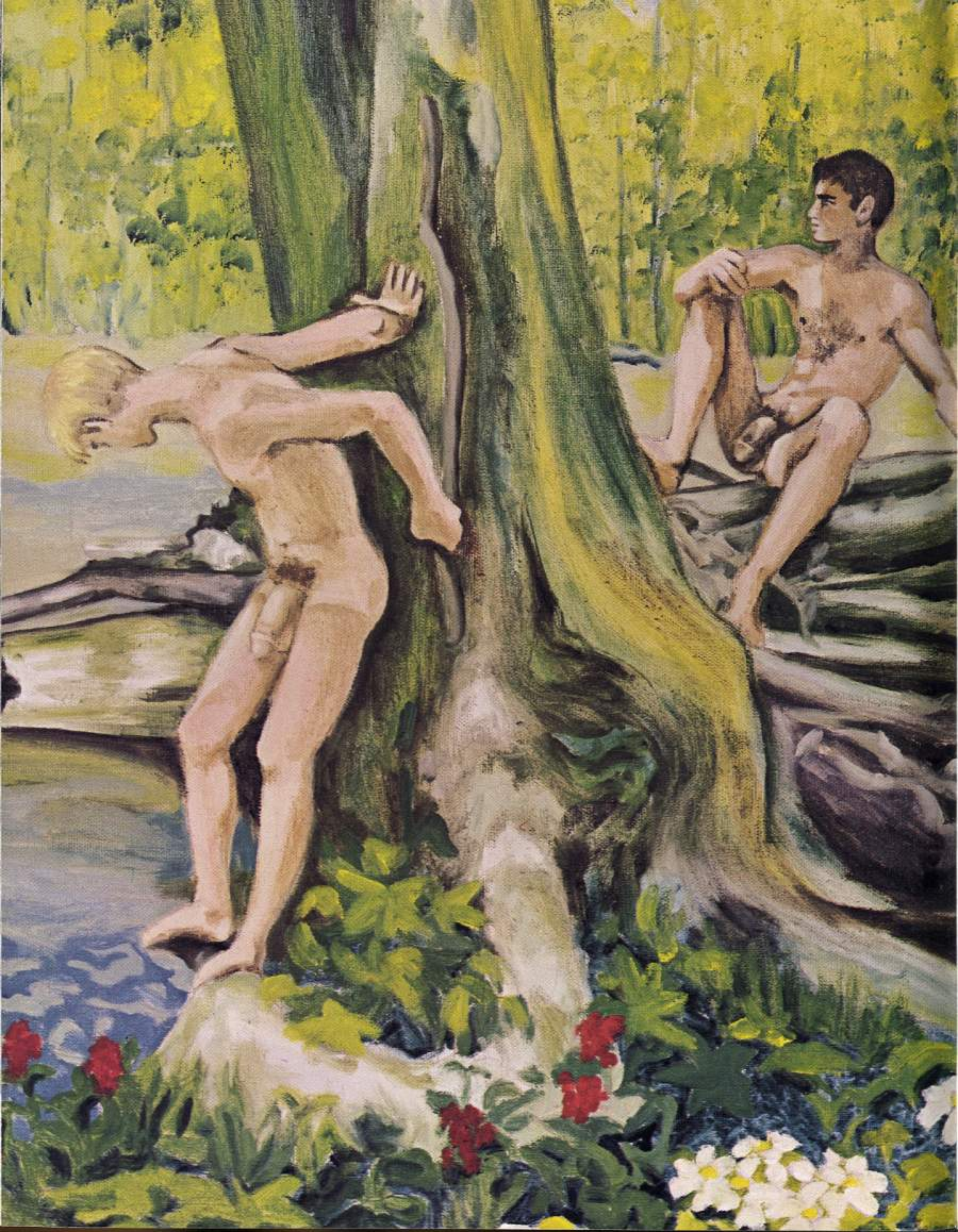
The highlight of this issue is our Memorabilia feature. The photographs some dating back almost 75 years were contributed by a friend who felt they should be enjoyed by everyone, not just locked away hidden from the world. We would like to repeat this feature again in the future, using other old photos from private collections. If you have photographs, tintypes or plates that would fit into a feature of this sort, please contact us about the publication possibilities.

We cannot stress how important your letters and comments are to us. The next issue of *REFLECTIONS* will depend on reader reaction. If you have something to say . . . write us!

Letters

Because this is our first issue of REFLECTIONS, we have not received any letters. Please write us with your comments and suggestions.

Introducing a new studio and new models in this preview from *ALL-AMERICAN*. Color pages 6 and 7 feature Al Stokes and Jimmy. Jimmy is featured above and on the right is young Steve Bush. *ALL-AMERICAN* is not yet ready to offer it's work for sale, but we hope to have full information and listings for our next issue.



To

Touch Tomorrow

by
KURT STOCKER

A lean young man was sprawled on the back porch of an unpainted prairie farm house. He dug into his levi shorts, pulled out a kitchen match and lit a cigarette from the pack on the porch beside him. He shook the match out, raised up on one elbow and began jabbing its charred end into the cracks between the floor boards. After a few minutes, he violently hurled the match at one of the porch posts and muttered, "Come on, Ed, damn it, please!"

Across the yard from him, like a solid thing, a swarm of gnats moved and stopped, moved and stopped near a loose barbed wire fence which separated the yard from the harvested fields that spread west to heat shimmers in the distance.

When the boy had smoked half of his cigarette, he began mashing the fire end of it on the porch, thoughtfully at first, then increasingly harder and harder. Suddenly he threw the frayed butt into the yard, sprang to his feet and went into the house.

His faded levi shorts ended in an inch of white fringe just above his knees. His legs were fuzzed with soft, gold hair. His bare feet were soiled with fresh turned earth and grass stains, the toes were long and thin, the nails cut straight across. A powder of dried sweat and dust emphasized the creases across his flat stomach and deepened the dark tan of his broad back and shoulders. His hair, a thatch of corn silk, was uncombed and slid a little this way and that with every move of his head.

The screen door made a stretching sound when he opened it, then banged a few times behind hom. The kitchen air was pungent with the odors of farm-fresh foods; a wooden box of onions was under the table, varied crocks of homemade cheeses and a crock of fermenting flour-water stood on the cupboard, knots of garlic and bundles of dill hung from nail on the walls.

He grabbed the ear piece from the hook on the wall telephone and turned the crank a few times.

"Sarah, give me the Tanner residence..... Mrs. Tanner? This is Jimmy Prater. Is Ed home? .... Oh, how long's he been gone? ... Yeah, we were going swimming. I just thought maybe he might of forgot.... Yeah, well, if he's got his suit on, he's probably ... uh huh ... okay, Mrs. Tanner. Thank ..... what? No, Mom's in town this afternoon. You could call her at Aunt Lena's. She always goes there after she gets done shopping....." He stepped over to the window and pushed the curtains aside, then went back to the phone. "Mrs. Tanner? ..... I see Ed coming now .....yes, ma'am ..... we will ..... g'by."

He hung the receiver back on the hook and went to the window again, this time not moving the curtains, but looking through them. An old convertible was bouncing and bucking up the rough, dusty road toward the house.

Jimmy stepped from the window toward the screen door, stopped and looked back at the old couch in the next room just through the door. He went in and stood beside it until the front bumper of the car came into view through the screen door, then flopped down on the couch on his back.

In the convertible, a young man about the same age as the one on the couch—eighteen or nineteen—stood up in the driver's seat, hopped out over the closed door and walked toward the house yelling, "Jimmy? Hey, Jimmy. let's go!"

Ed was less lean than Jimmy. His stomach bulged just slightly over his beltless khaki work trousers, but like Jimmy's, his feet were bare and he wore no shirt. His blue-black hair was roughly combed. His chin and cheeks were dark with the density of his beard. The hair on his chest was straight and short. It hung close to his skin and spread in the shape of a kite between his nipples; a smaller, diamond-shape of hair spread out from his deep navel.

Ed opened the screen door and walked in, looked around, then went straight to the couch. Jimmy's eyes were closed.

"Hey, Jimmy, you 'sleep?" The black-haired boy reached down with both hands and clamped them on the sides of Jimmy's waist. Jimmy doubled immediately and freed himself somehow by falling from the couch onto the floor.

"God damn, Ed, what a way to wake a guy!" Jimmy reached up and pinched the back of one of Ed's thighs. Ed jerked his leg up and stumbled toward the center of the room. "You're gonna get it."

Jimmy sprinted into the kitchen, starting on all fours, then gaining his balance. Not stopping, he grabbed a bananna from the table, knocked the screen door open and bounded off the end of the porch. He hand-vaulted over the car door, settled into the front seat and started peeling the bananna. Ed, close behind him, rounded the car, and with one hand on the door and the other on the windshield, lifted himself up and into the driver's seat. Before he started the car, he plunged wiggling fingers into Jimmy's side. Jimmy lurched against the door and said, "Come on, cut it out!" Still, Ed held the fingers poised, pointing to Jimmy's ribs. Jimmy covered the ribs with his hand and said, "Let's go, Ed. Come on! It's hot as hell!"

Ed started the car. As he shifted the gears he said, "Got your suit on?"

Jimmy said, "No, where we going?"

"The lake. Finney's Neck."

"Let's go to the river. That bend on Stone's Place. Won't be anybody there."

Ed shrugged. "Guess it doesn't matter."

Jimmy threw the bananna peel across the barbed wire fence, then broke the meat of it in half. He put one piece into Ed's mouth and took a bite of the other.

The old car rattled and roared and left a cloud of dust that quickly stopped billowing and hung in the still air over the yard.

When they reached the river, the sun was still above the tops of the great trees that leaned over the water. Everything in sight was either vivid greens, faded yellows or rotting browns. The water was high with upstate rains. The surface was just slightly textured by the deep, gentle current and accented occasionally by a smoothly moving leaf or twig or tuft of cottonwood fuzz.

Next to a plank diving board, a small, sun-bleached boat dock floated on empty oil drums. Two rusty steel cables tethered it to two enormous tree trunks up the bank.

The two young men bounded down the slope and jumped onto the dock. It rocked and sank a few inches under their weight sending semi-circles of ripples toward the opposite bank.

Almost immediately, Jimmy unfastened his levis. He shoved them down to his ankles and kicked them back up on the grass. After a moment, he snapped his fingers and said, "Forgot my cigarettes," and went for them in the pockets of the shorts.

Ed pulled his trousers off and tossed them up by Jimmy's levis. He stretched and strutted around a bit, pulled the elastic waist band of his yellow boxer swim trunks and let it snap against his skin. "Boy, that water's going to feel good! Come on, Jimmy, race you across!"

Coming back to the dock, Jimmy said, "You gonna wear your suit?"

"I got it on. Might as well."

"No point getting it wet. Nobody for miles."

"True enough."

Ed pushed the suit down his legs and tossed it back on the bank. It fell partly covering Jimmy's levis. Jimmy had watched every move Ed made. Ed glanced at him. Their eyes caught, then Ed looked up river. When he looked back at Jimmy, he laughed and said, "Hope some fish doesn't try to nibble my worm!"

Jimmy said, "Wouldn't call that a worm."

"Well, next to yours."

"Hell."

"If Betty knew what you've got, she'd probably rape you."

"She knows. She felt it once."

"She felt it, and you still didn't make out? Man, you're not trying!"

"She didn't feel of it on purpose. Anyway, she wouldn't let me do it even if she wanted to. She's too damn religious."

"Ha!"

"She is!"

"Don't let that stop you."

They fell silent and Ed sat down on the edge of the dock and put his legs in the water. After a moment he threw a handful of water on Jimmy and said, "Let's get wet! Come on! Last one in's a sissy!" In one continous motion he stood up and dived. Jimmy hit the water right behind him and two lines of bubbles made a V out from the dock. The boys came up rolling and splashing and shaking their heads, then immediately stretched their arms in graceful strokes and swam hard to the opposite side. They sprinted up the bank dripping water and flopped on their backs beside each other on the shaded grassy slope.

They were quiet for a long moment, breathing hard, looking up through the pattern of leaves and branches against the baby-blue sky, not moving, not speaking, then Jimmy, still looking movelessly into the trees broke the silence. "Got a date tonight?"

"Sure. Pat."

Again they were quiet for several minutes, then Ed broke the silence. "You and Betty going?"

"To the dance?"

"Yeah."

"I guess so."

Another silence hung between them for perhaps five minutes, and when Jimmy spoke, he had to clear his throat after the first few words before he could finish the question. "Ed, what's it ..... what's it like with a girl?" Ed didn't answer right away and Jimmy said, "I guess it's really great, huh?"

"Yeah, sure. Nothing like it."

"It doesn't look like I'll ever know unless I marry Betty."

"Crap."

"What do you mean? She won't never give in. I've tried everything."

Ed sat up. "You don't go about it right. I've watched you two. Everything you try, you're afraid she's going to stop you. So what if she says no? Don't pay any attention to her. You gotta just take what you want with a woman. With anyone." He glanced up at Jimmy, then back down at a mole he was now studying on his thigh. He added, "Anyway, she ain't the only fish in the pond."

Jimmy sat up and concentrated his attention across the river and Ed lay back down to look again up through the trees. Suddenly Jimmy turned and looked directly at Ed. Ed rolled his head on the grass and met his glance firmly. Jimmy lowered his eyes, picked up a stick and began breaking little bits off the end. Not looking at Ed, his voice a little shaky, he said, "Remember when we used to go up in our hay loft?"

Ed took his time to answer. "Yeah."

Jimmy began breaking the stick more violently. Still not looking at Ed, he said, "Is a girl much better than that?"

Again Ed took a while to answer, and his voice broke a little as he said, "I don't know."

Jimmy kept breaking the stick and Ed kept looking up through the trees. Five, ten minutes went by. When Jimmy got to the end of the stick, he held the last two bits between his fingers and rolled them back and forth, rubbing the bark together. His eyes the whole time were focused somewhere before him in the grass.

Abruptly Ed stood up and slapped Jimmy's shoulder. "Let's go get a cigarette!" By now, Jimmy had pulled his legs together and was leaning forward with his chest against his thighs. He said, "Okay," but he didn't move. He didn't change the position of his legs until Ed was into the motion of diving. Then, very quickly, he ran down the bank and dived, hitting the water before Ed surfaced. They swam slowly back.

The dock was shaded now. They smoked in silence looking away from each other. When Jimmy finished his cigarette, he flipped it into the river, turned and said, "Ed?"

Ed looked directly at him. "Yeah?"

Jimmy held the gaze for a moment, then looked across the river. "Nothing. I forgot what I was going to say."

"Go on."

"I forgot."

"No. What?"

"Nothing. It just slipped my mind."

They were both sitting with their legs in the water. Ed meshed his fingers behind his head and lay back flat on the dock and closed his eyes. Jimmy looked at him. His eyes stayed closed. Jimmy looked down Ed's body, glancing back at his eyes every once in a while. They stayed closed. Jimmy's gaze intensified and his eyes quivered slightly. He studied every feature of Ed's body. Once, he moved his hand toward Ed, then withdrew it. Suddenly Jimmy slid into the water and swam out about twenty yards. Ed didn't move. Jimmy dog-paddled around for a few minutes, then swam back. When he got back to the dock, he went straight up the bank and put his levi shorts on.

"Come on, Ed, let's go back. It's getting supper time."

"What's the rush?"

"Let's go!"

Jimmy left Ed to dress alone and went to the car.

The ride back was wordless. At the house, Jimmy got out and muttered, "Thanks. See ya." He turned to go in, but Ed said, "You want to go tomorrow?"

"Swimming?"

"Yeah. Let's go again tomorrow."

"You want to?"

"Why not?"

"Alright. Sure. What time?"

"About one."

"Take suits?"

"What for?"

Jimmy leaned on the car door and looked past Ed toward the gathering prairie sunset. "I'm going to clean out the hay loft sometime tomorrow. If I'm not at the house, I'll still be out there. Maybe you could come early and give me a hand."

"Sure. Why not?"

Jimmy looked at Ed. Ed was beginning to smile. The smile broadened and his scalp shifted back a fraction of an inch. He winked at Jimmy, roared the motor, spun back around and was gone. Jimmy was left facing the empty fields and the imperceptably swirling gold and lavender across the western sky. After a moment he turned and went into the house.

Supper was on the table. His father and mother were eating. His mother said, "Have a good swim, son?" He said, "Yeah," and sat down, not looking at either of his parents. They stopped eating for an instant and glanced at each other. Jimmy put some food on his plate, but before he finished eating it, he pushed the plate back and went into his room. He shut the door behind him. His father said to his mother, "What's the matter with the kid?"

She smiled. "Can't you tell?"

"No."

"Well, I may be wrong, but I'd say our Jimmy is starting to act very much like a boy in love. It's almost two years, now, him and Betty's dated."

The father lit a cigarette. He watched the match flame and turned a little in his chair. "He is about that age, isn't he. What, nineteen?"

"Be nineteen this fall."

He blew the match out and said, "Yeah, guess maybe you're right."

The father smoked his cigarette while the mother cleared the table. By the time she was well into washing the dishes, Jimmy came out of his room. She glanced at his levis and said, "Say, you know what time it is? You better get ready if you're going to get to Betty's on time."

He didn't answer. He went straight to the phone and cranked it. "Sarah?" He turned and looked at his folks. "Give me the Murray residence." His mother went on washing dishes. When she did look up at him, he was looking at her and she looked back into the sink.

"Betty? ..... Look, I'm not coming by for you. I've changed my mind..... It doesn't matter why. I'm just not taking you tonight. If you want to go to the dance, call Norma and ride with her.... Suit yourself..... go ahead. Dance with all of them if you want to, I don't care." He hung up and started toward the back porch.

His mother spoke up from the sink. "Jimmy, is anything wrong?"

He turned and faced her from the door. An indefinite expression eased his features. He said, "No, Ma, I don't think so."

He went out to a rusting metal lawn chair under a tree and sat down. The light of the day was fading quickly. He watched the changing, dimming sky for a long time, moving just enough to light and smoke a few cigarettes. He stayed there and looked into the sky long after it was completely dark. When the kitchen light went out, he got up and went in to bed.

– THE END –

The illustration for this story is a commissioned oil painting done by a young San Francisco artist, Kurt McDowel. The original is for sale from the artist. Mr. McDowel is also available for commissioned work. For full information write the artist.

Kurt McDowel
c/o Reflections Editor
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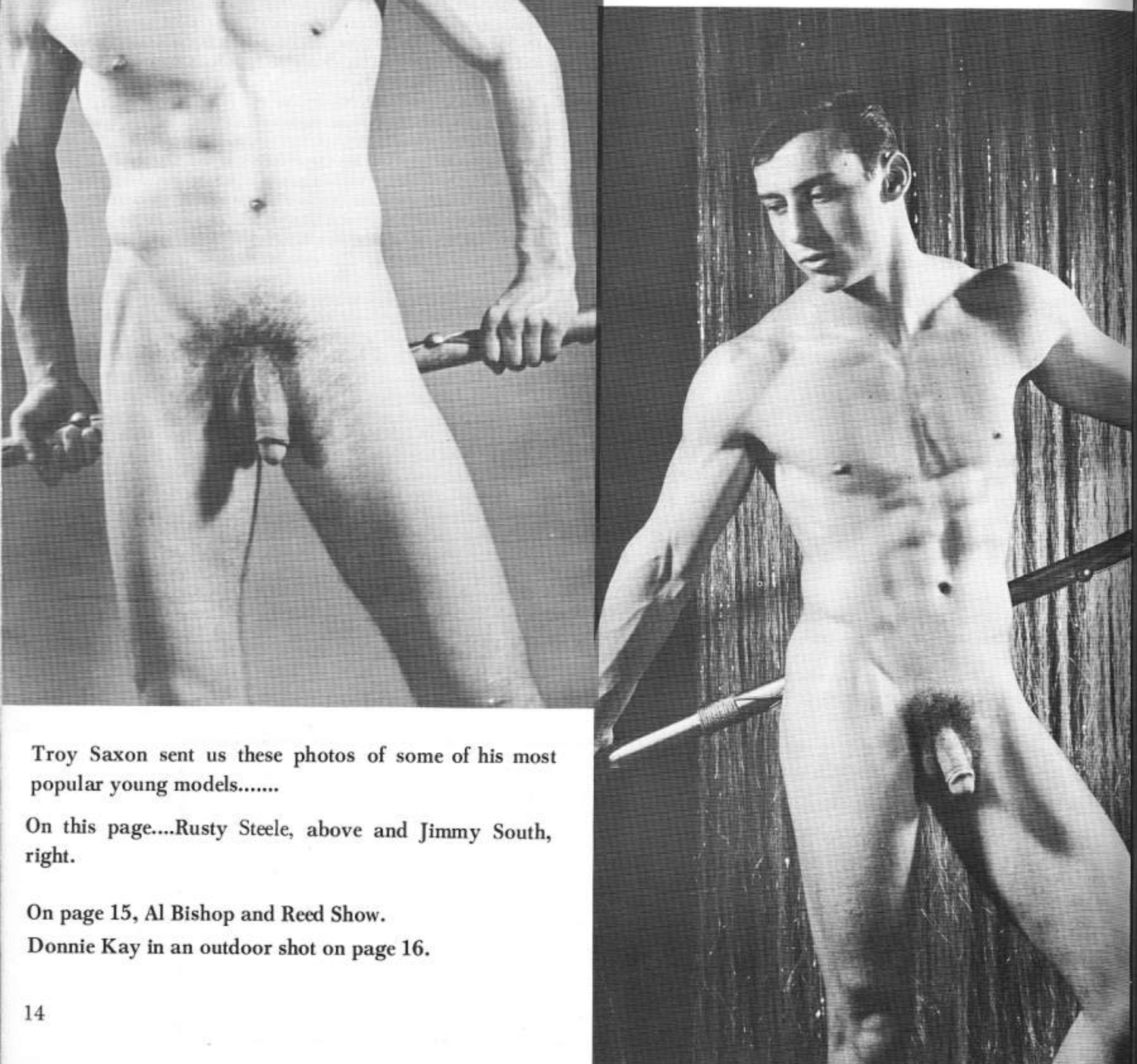
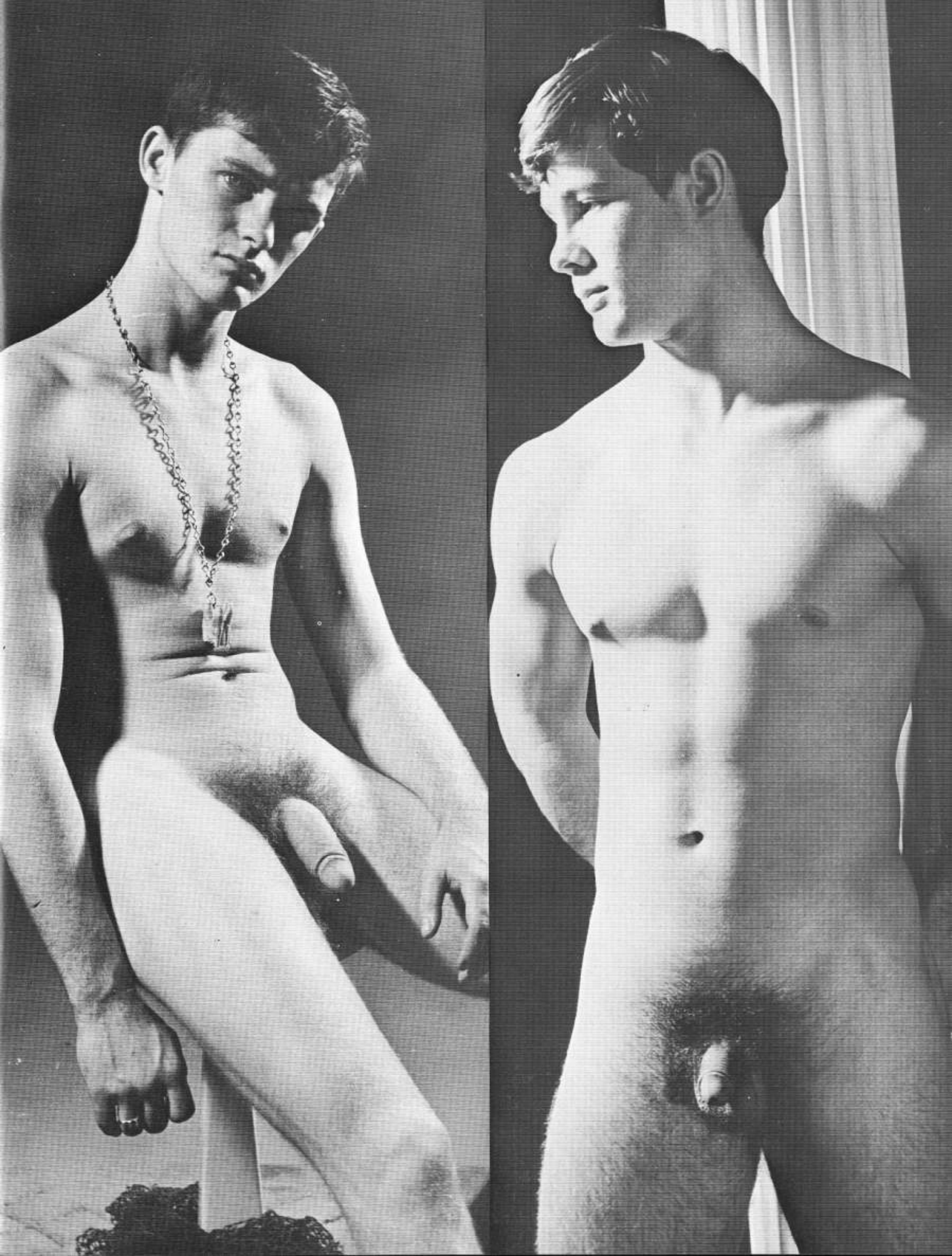
Troy Saxon



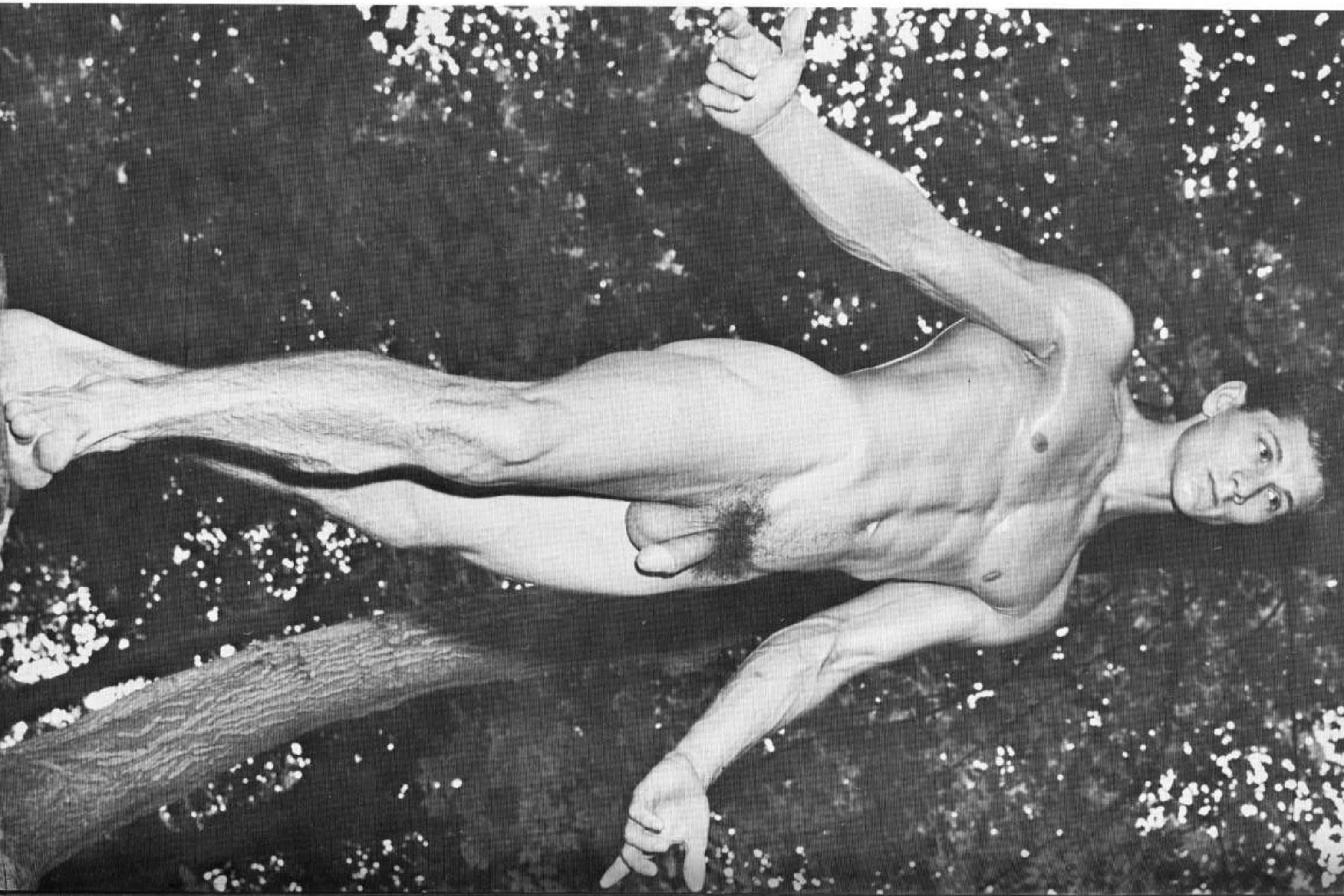
Troy Saxon sent us these photos of some of his most popular young models.....

On this page....Rusty Steele, above and Jimmy South, right.

On page 15, Al Bishop and Reed Show.
Donnie Kay in an outdoor shot on page 16.



TROY SAXON STUDIO



CHUCK BY

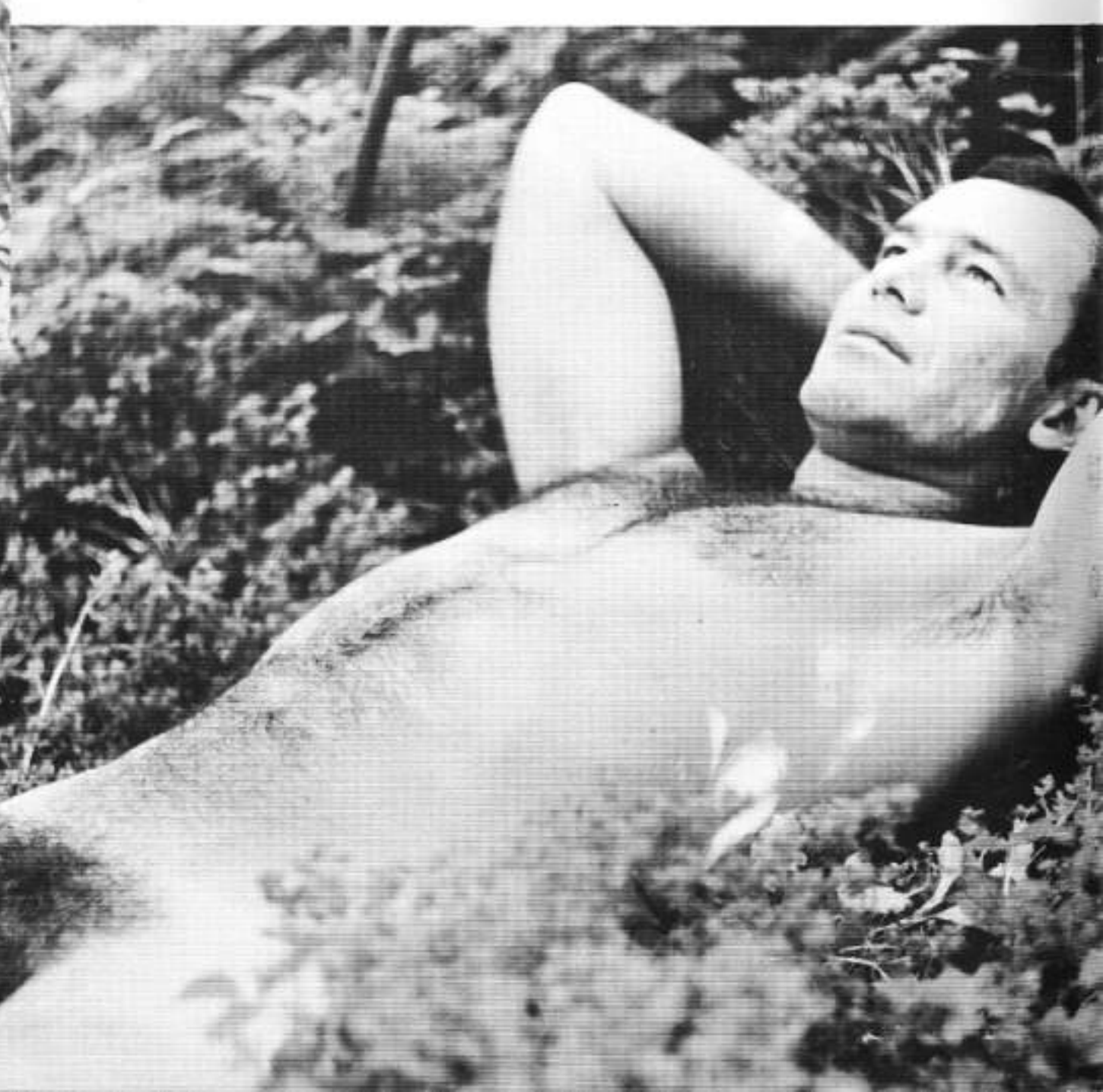
EL SOL PRODUCTIONS!!!!

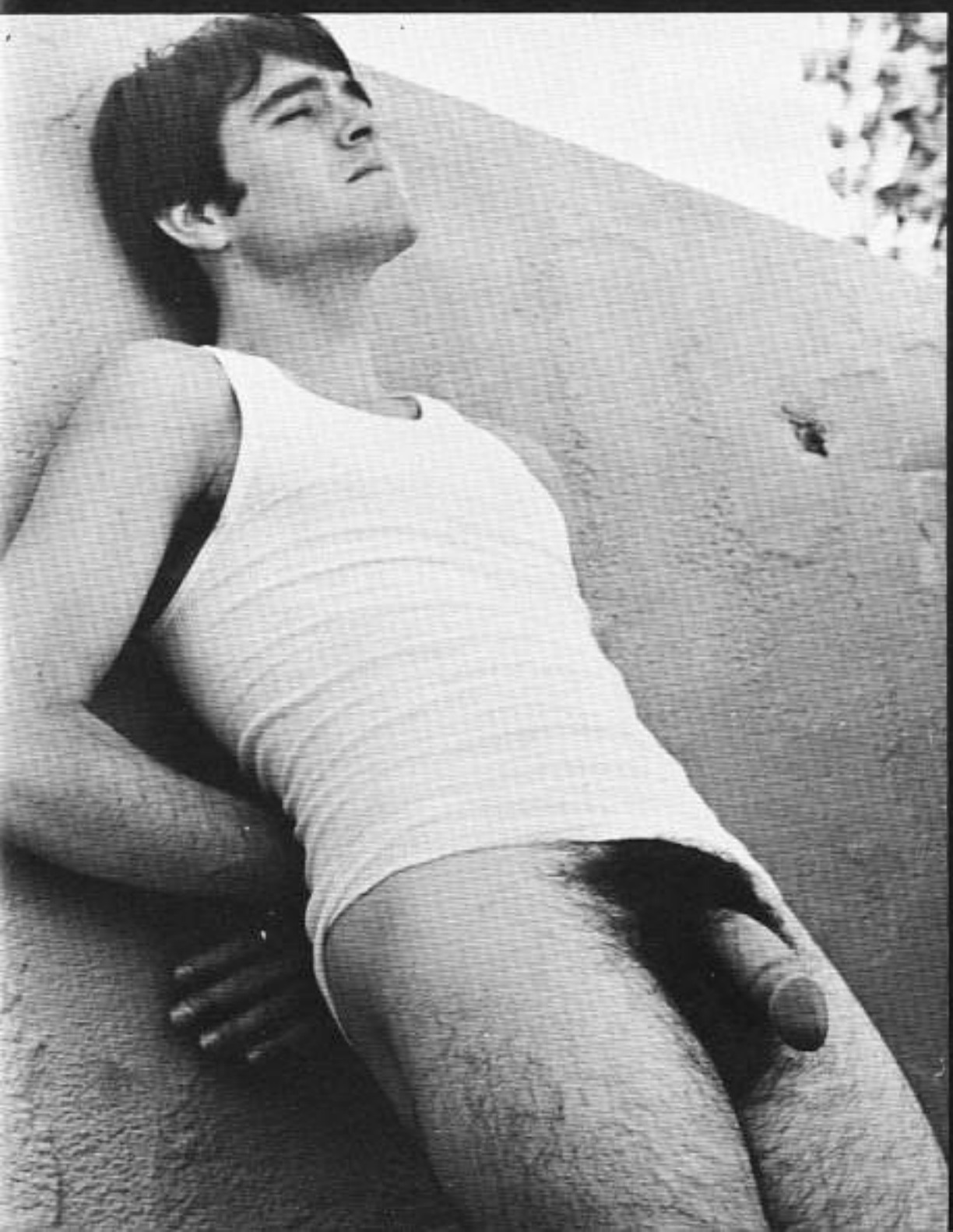
EL SOL PRODUCTIONS !!!!

We are proud to introduce another new studio featuring some of the most beautiful boys we have yet seen. El Sol Productions of California. Chuck is featured on the proceeding pages.

Here is Eric and below is Jerry. Both models appear again on color page 23.

On the opposite page is TY in the upper left and bottom right and relaxing with JIM in the upper right. The third model on this page is Allen. More of Allen on page 22.



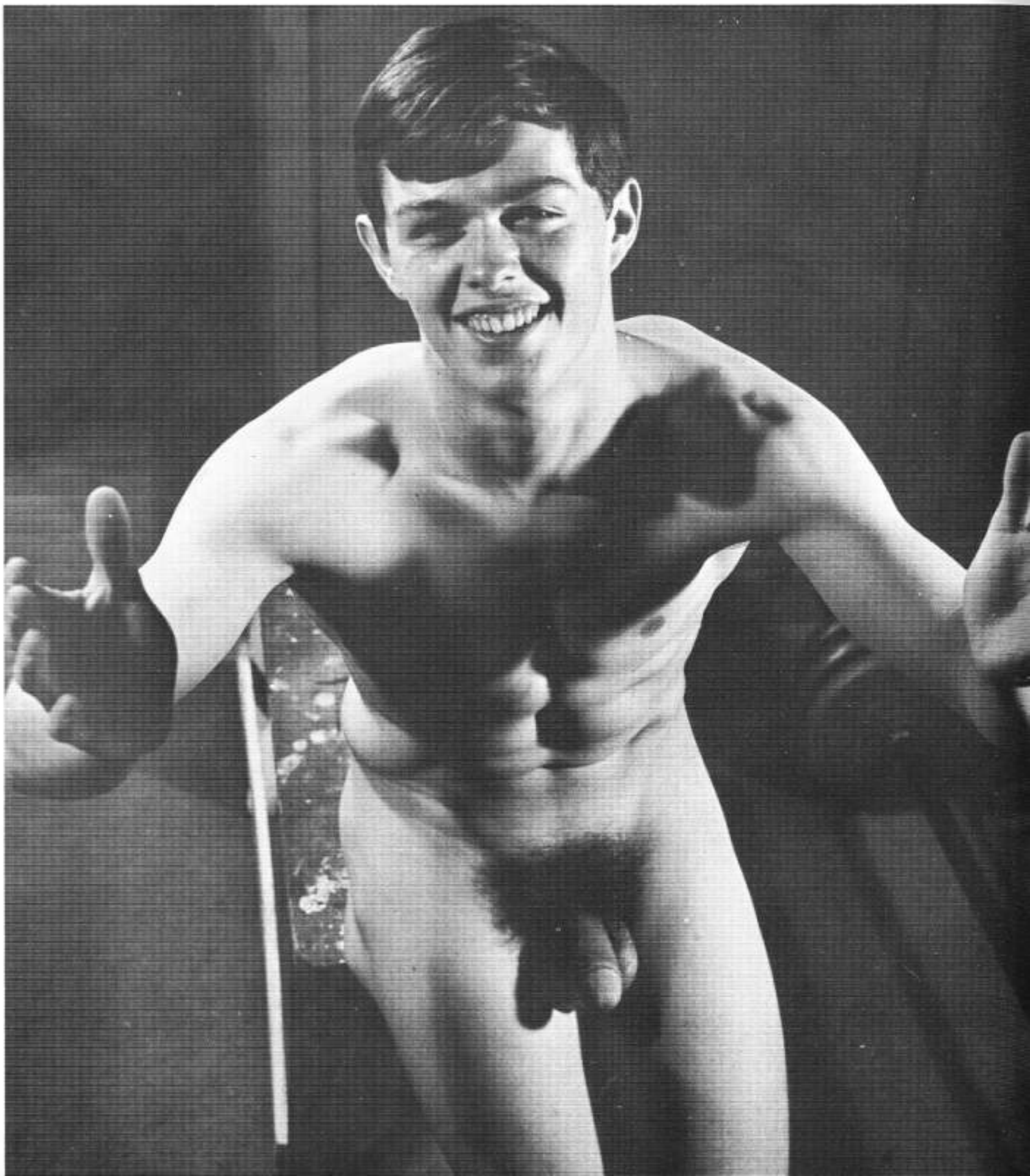


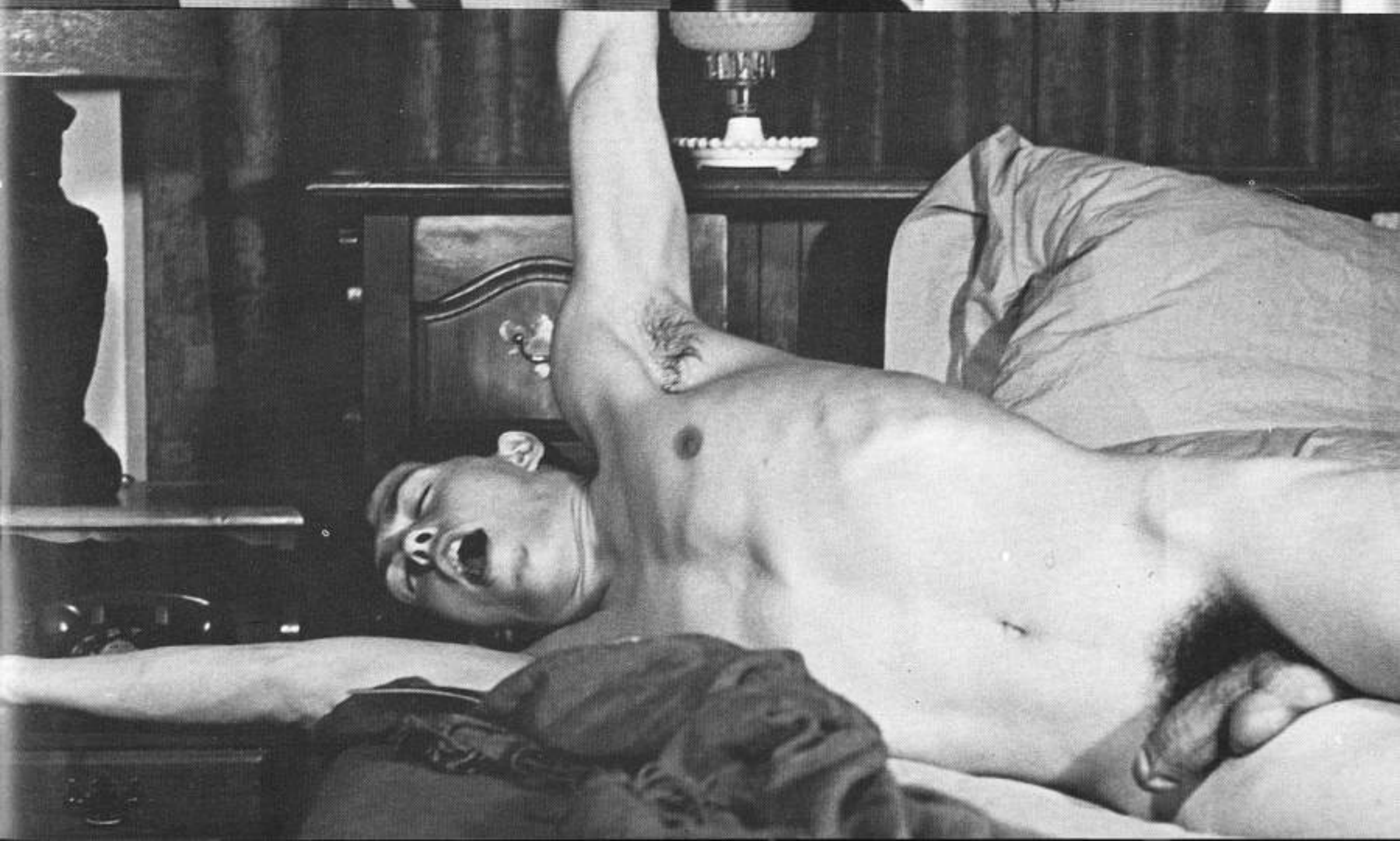
Scott McCoy

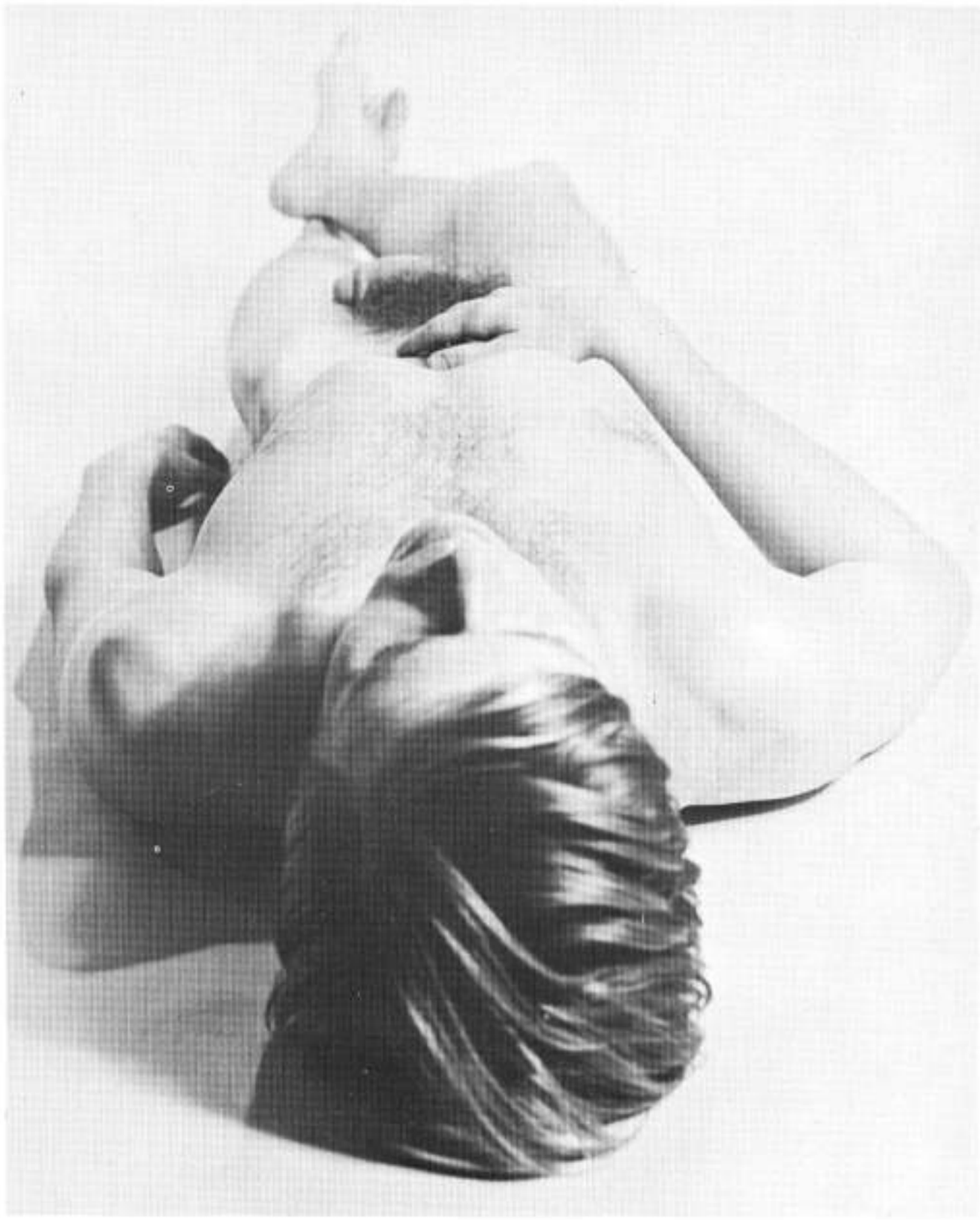
Scott McCoy, a new face from a new photographer, Rick Dion. We are so impressed with this young model you will find him featured as our center spread this issue.

STUDIO ON

RICK DION







Calafran Presents . . .

Jack Strech

Here's 20 year old Jack Strech, a Calafran exclusive and our **Reflections** cover boy. Jack is 6'1", weighs in at 157 Lbs. At the present Jack is working in our darkroom processing B&W prints, waiting until June to begin Skin Diving School. While Jack is still with us, we plan several sessions for release in the near future. Watch for our announcement of slides and photos of this young man.

The Boys of Sweden

THE BOYS

OF

SWEDEN

by our photographer on the spot,
Sven Swede

Beginning with popular Sven Eric on page 31, on this page we offer Janne, top left, 18 year old Arne to the left and Nalle above.

On the opposite page, Boris, top left. Boris and Sven Eric together, on the upper right is Gunnar with Steve below.

Completing our feature is Enrique on page 34.

When Photography was Young

While magazines such as *Golden Boys* and *Reflections* may be new to many of our readers, the male nude on film is as old as the art of Photography. The nude form has always been considered the ultimate subject of the painter and sculptor, so it is little wonder that with the invention of photography, artists turned to the male nude to try this new media.

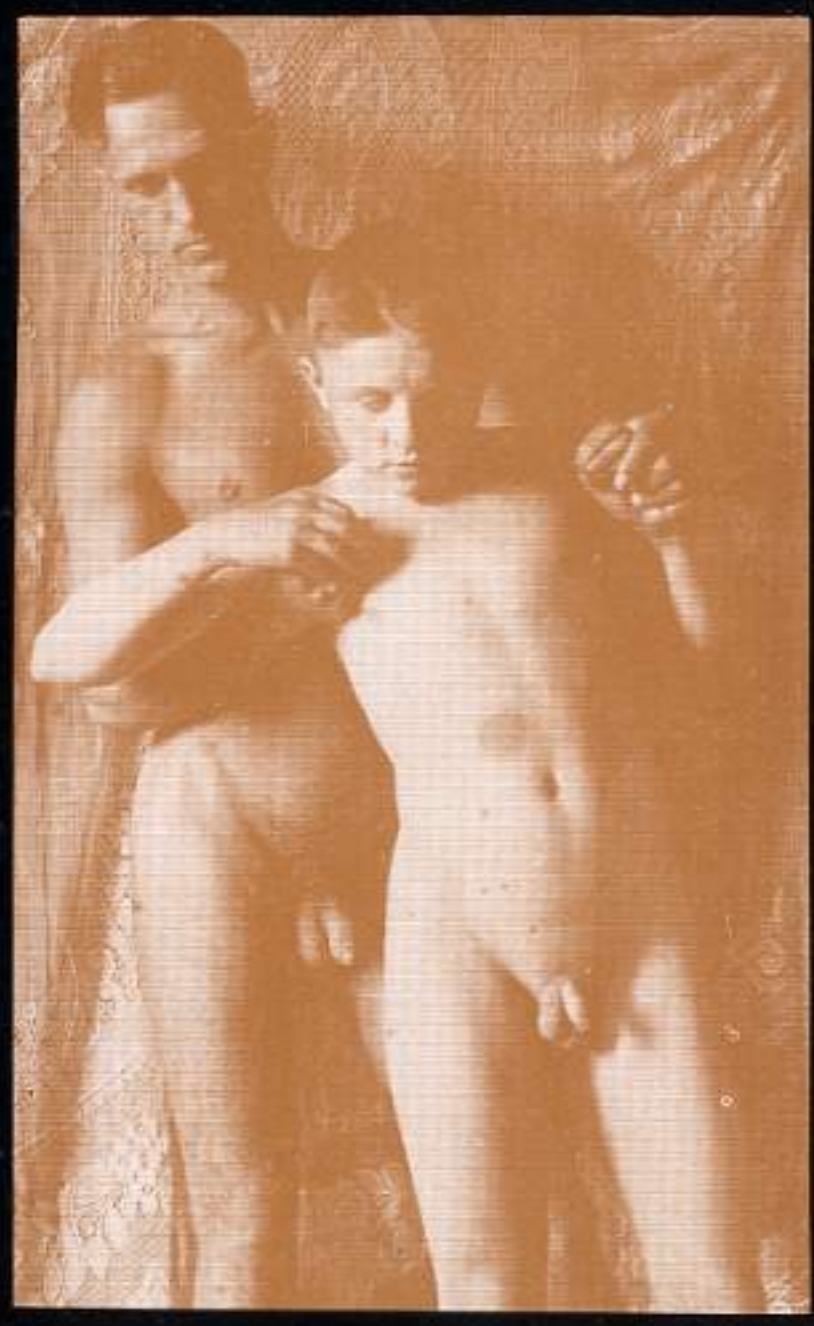
As photography grew up, camera artists attempted to imitate classical and contempory paintings in the posing of models and the backgrounds and props.

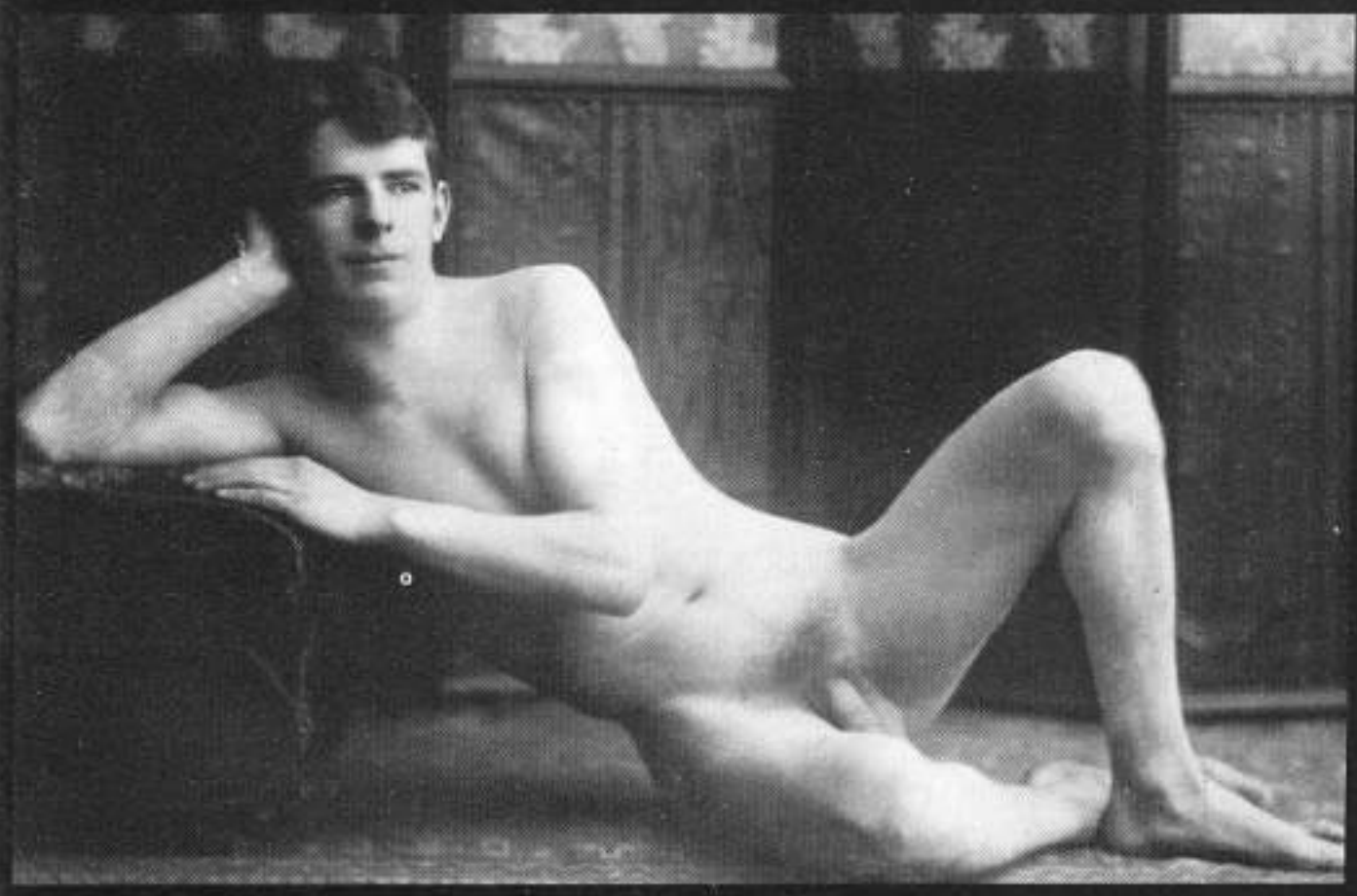
About the turn of the Century, photography came into it's forte. Photographic portraits of relatives filled the parlors and drawing rooms of America, and the family trouped off to the photographers studio for individual and group sittings. Young men of the era often went alone or with a close friend for a nude photograph of themselves. This was a symbol of manhood in that age.

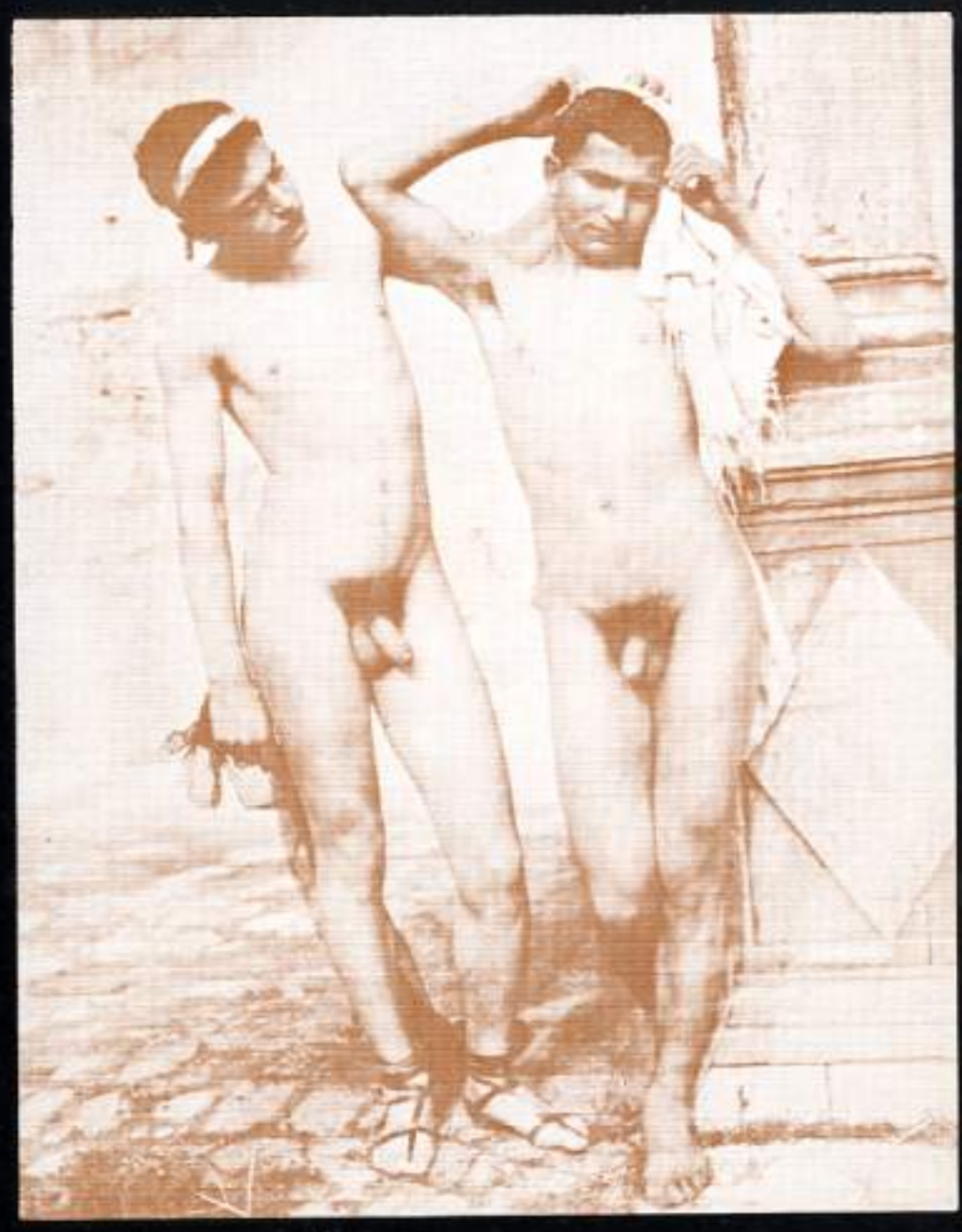
Later came the era of the great muscular body builders, the fig leaf and the overpowering "classical" poses. Wrestling duos and single studies imitative of statues predominated.

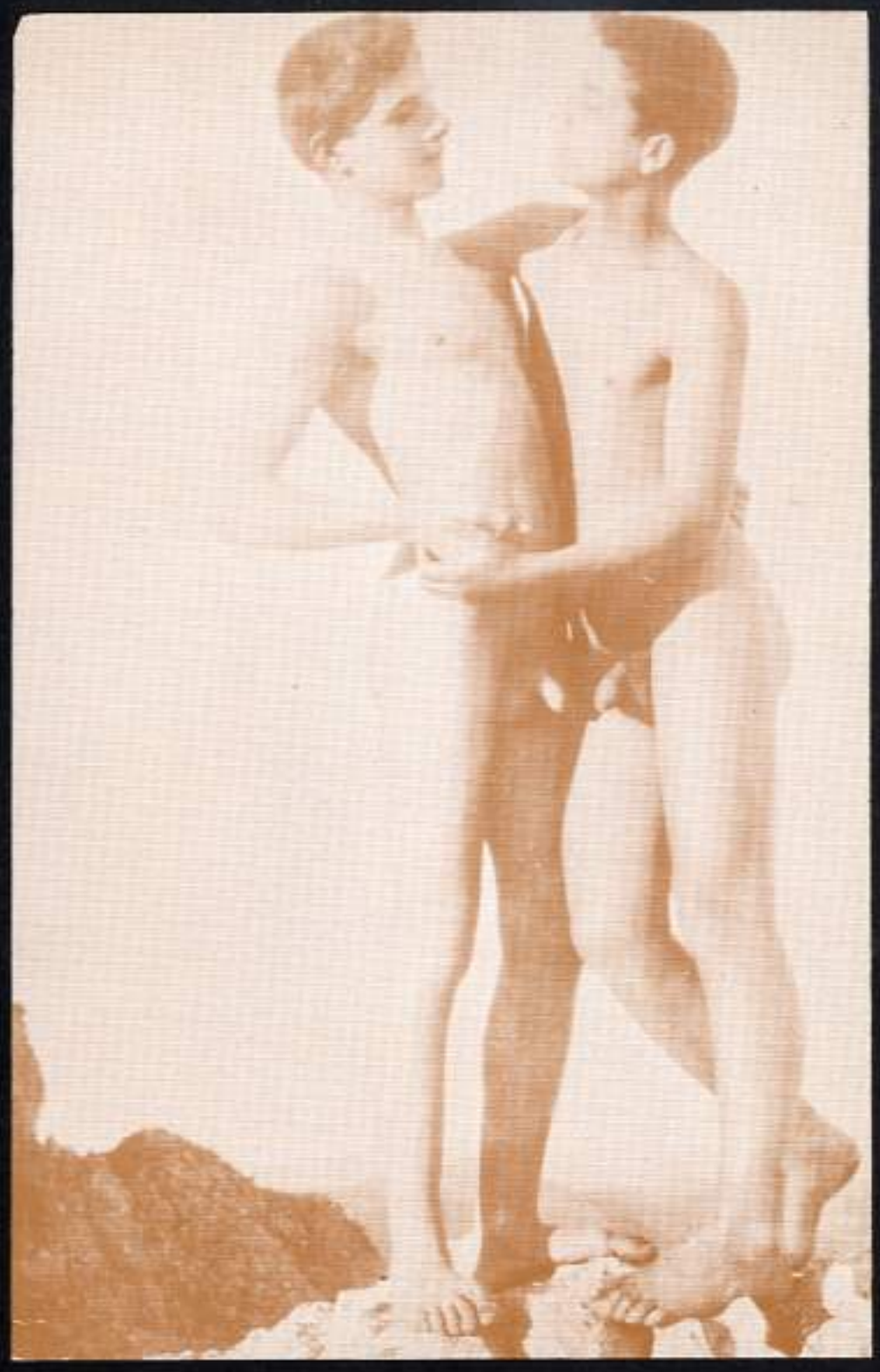
Reflections is proud to present this survey of the male nude in photography, featuring work done around the turn of the Century.

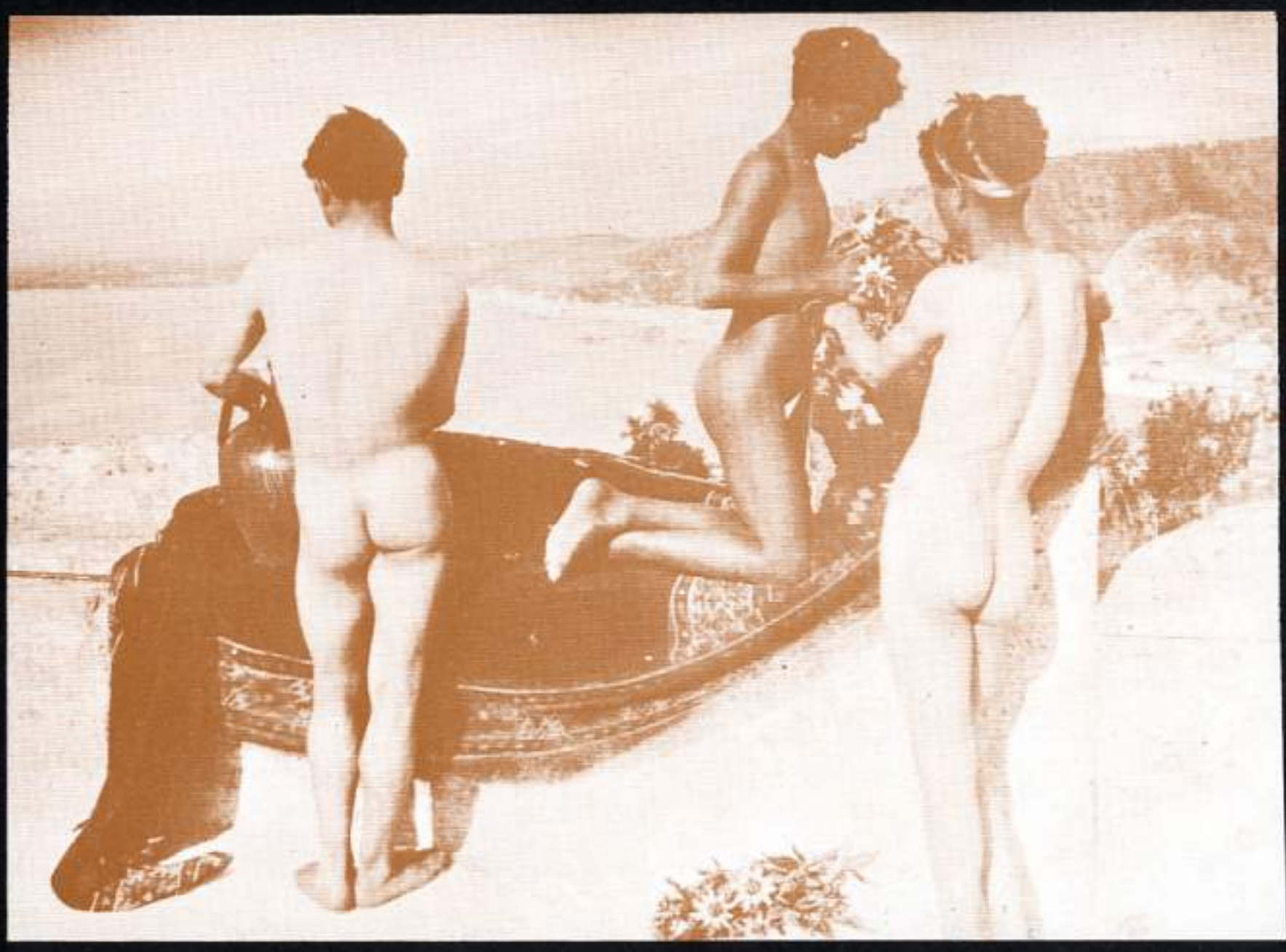
1793











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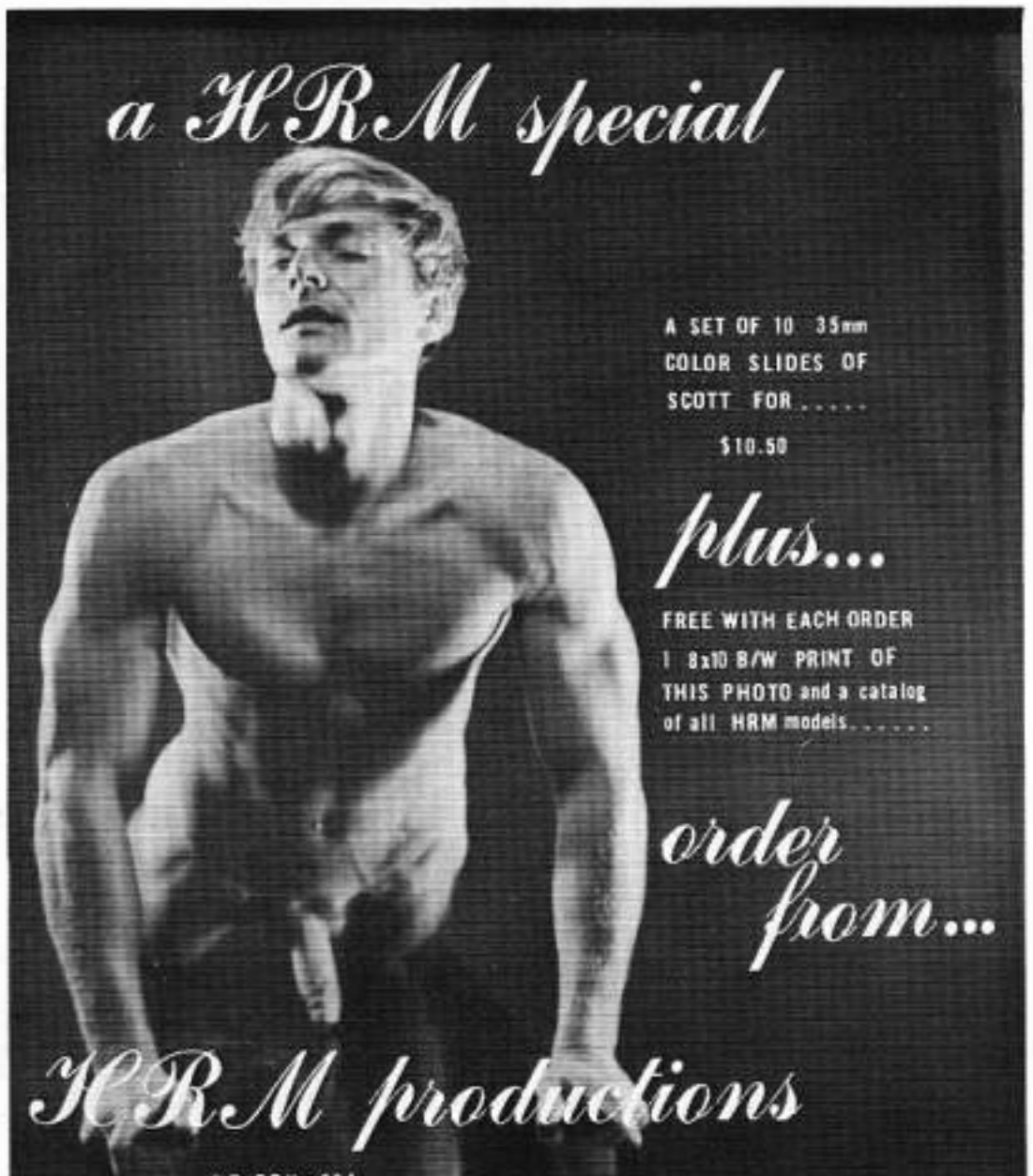

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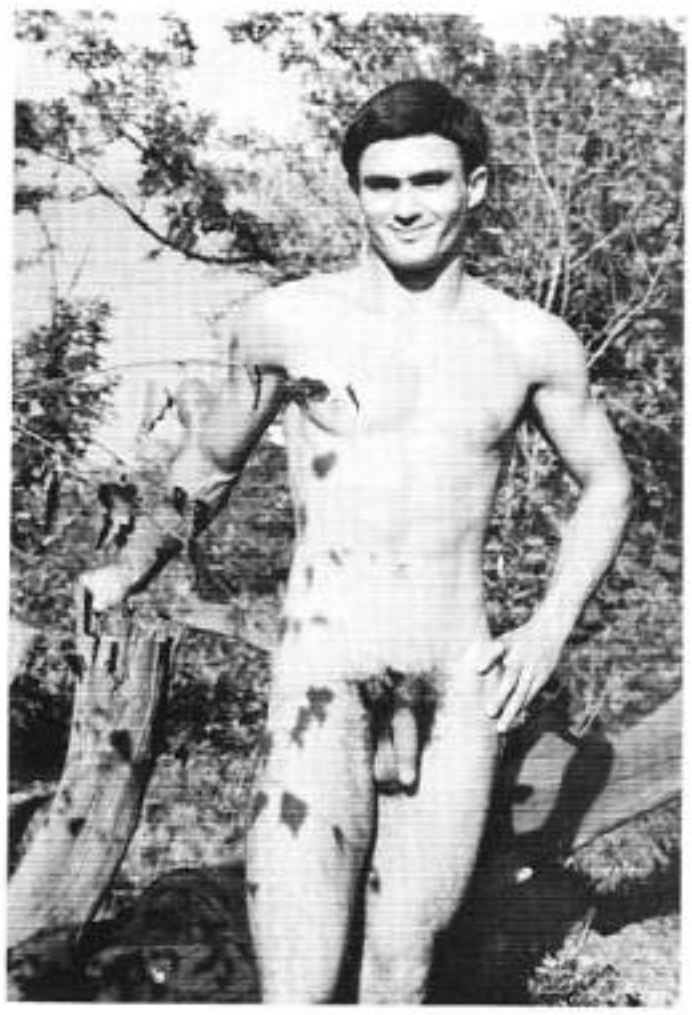

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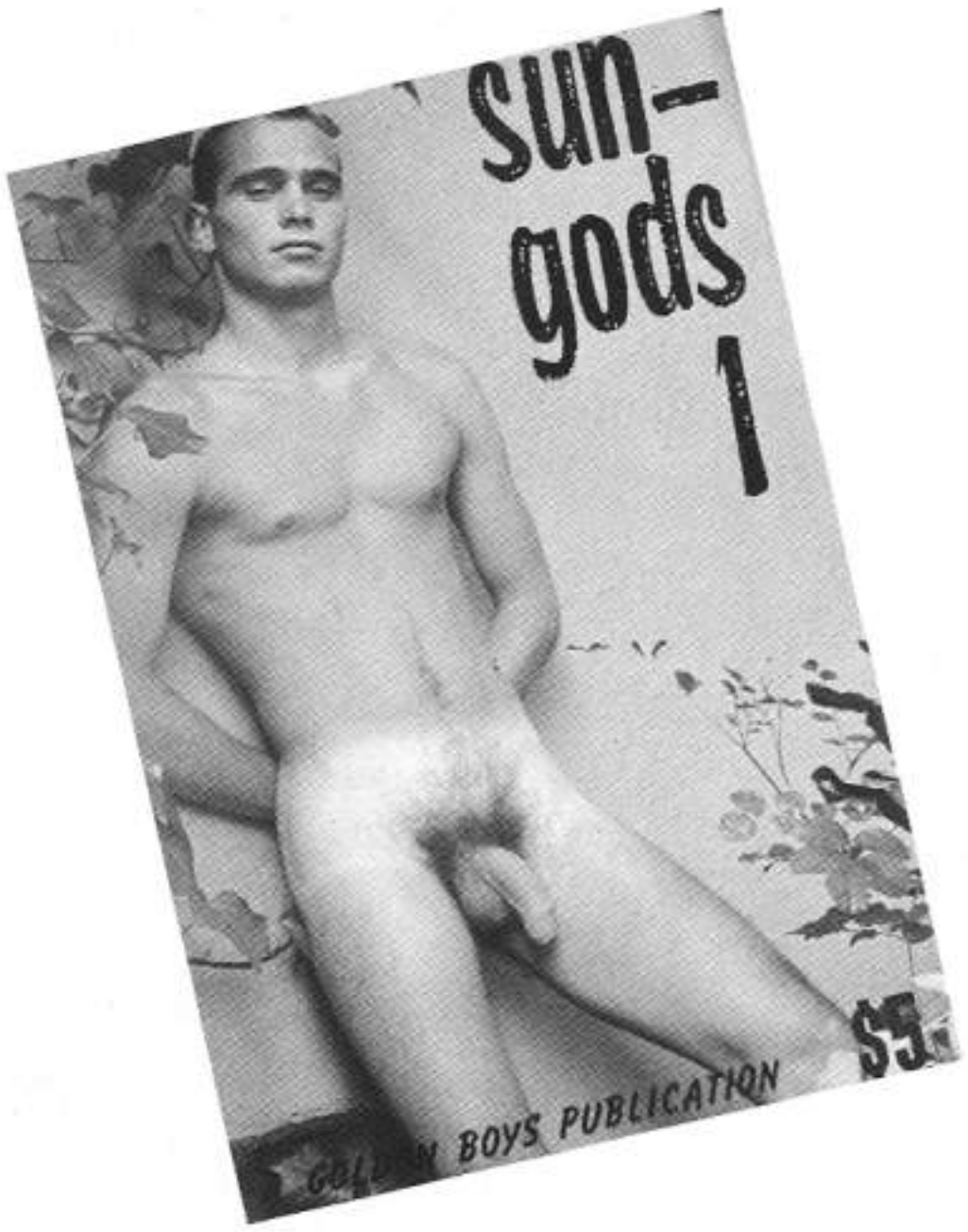

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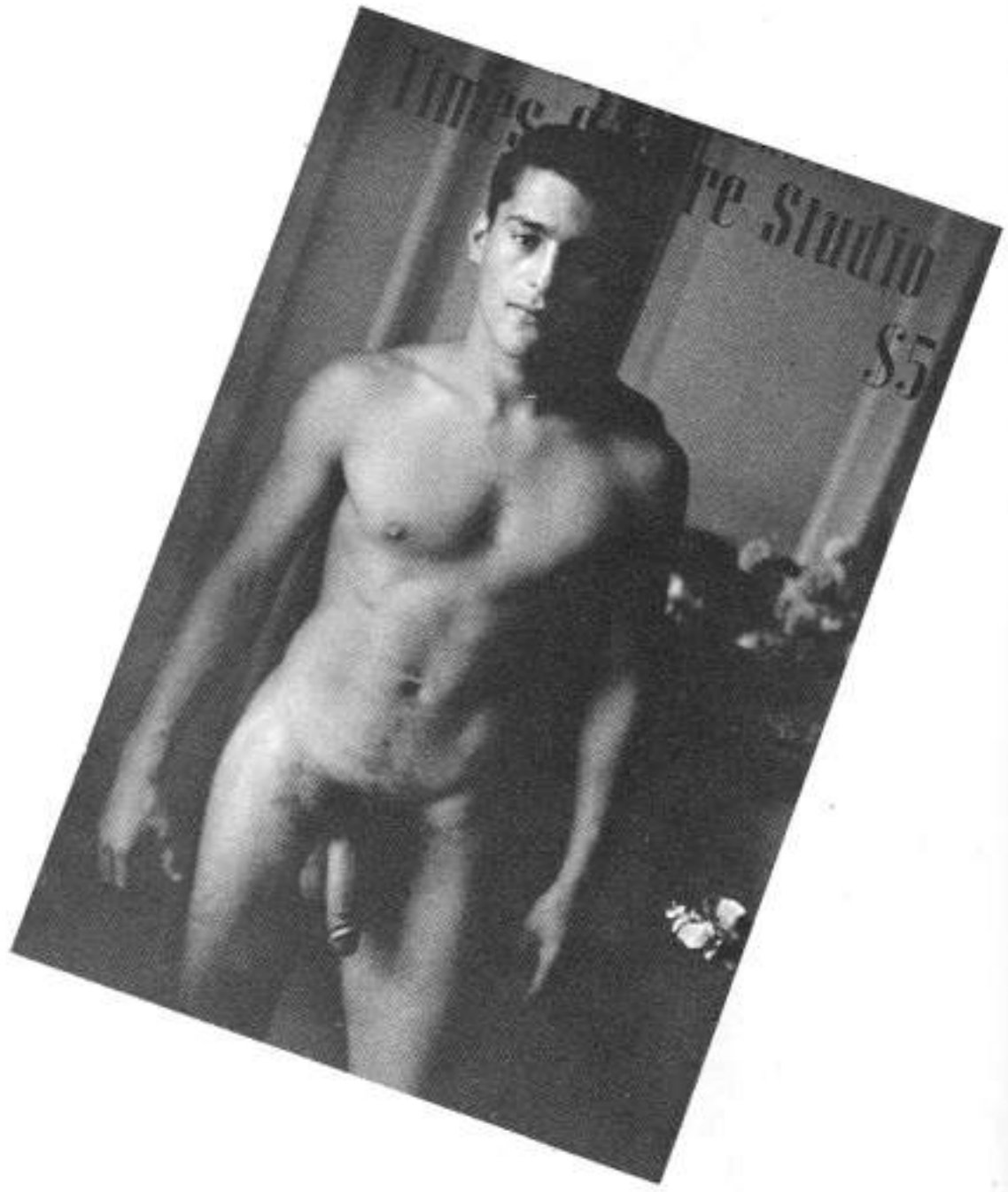

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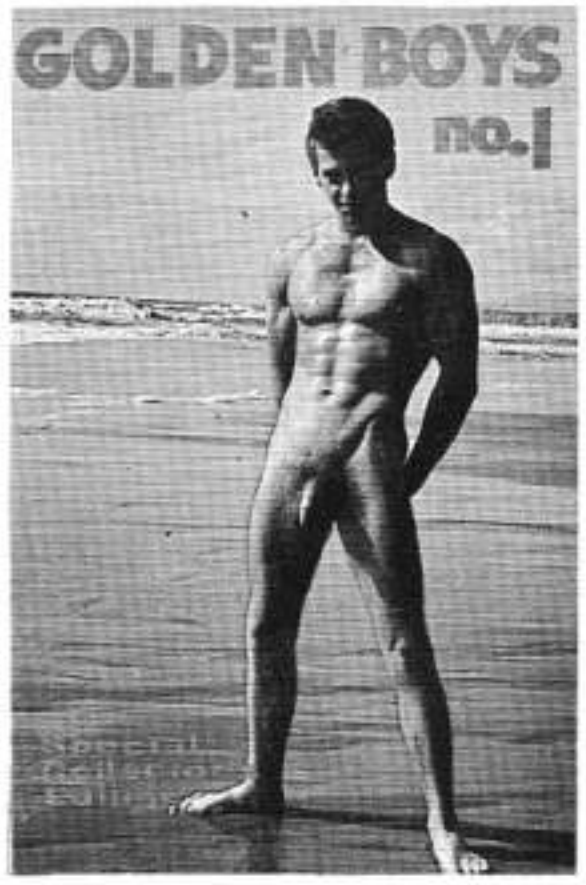

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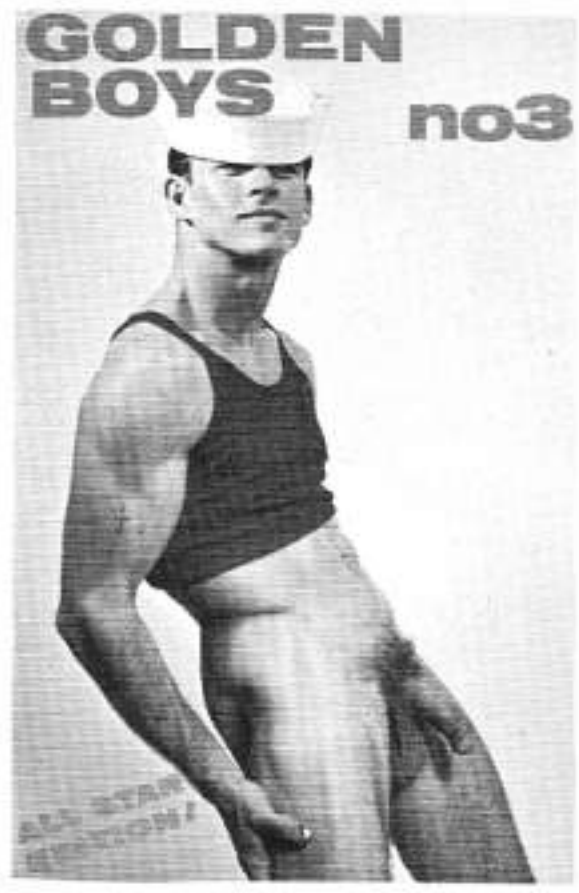

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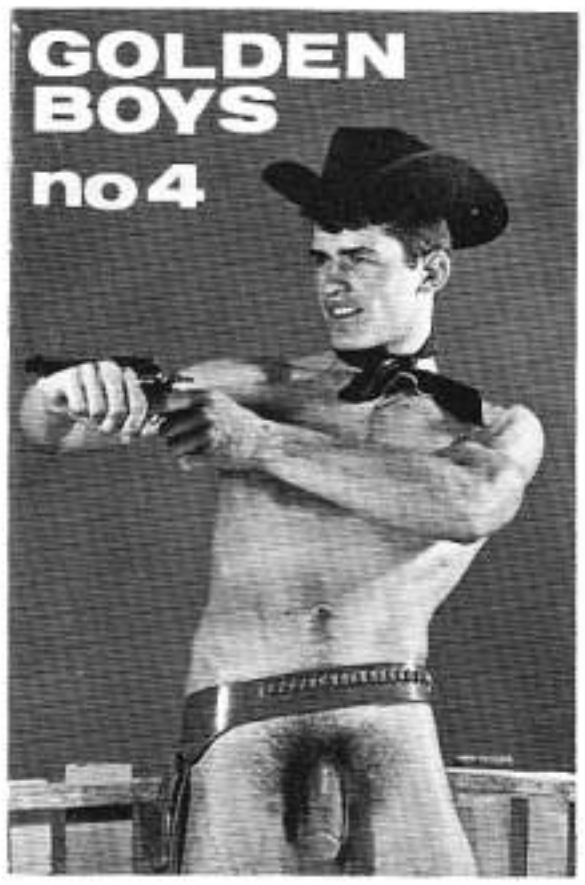

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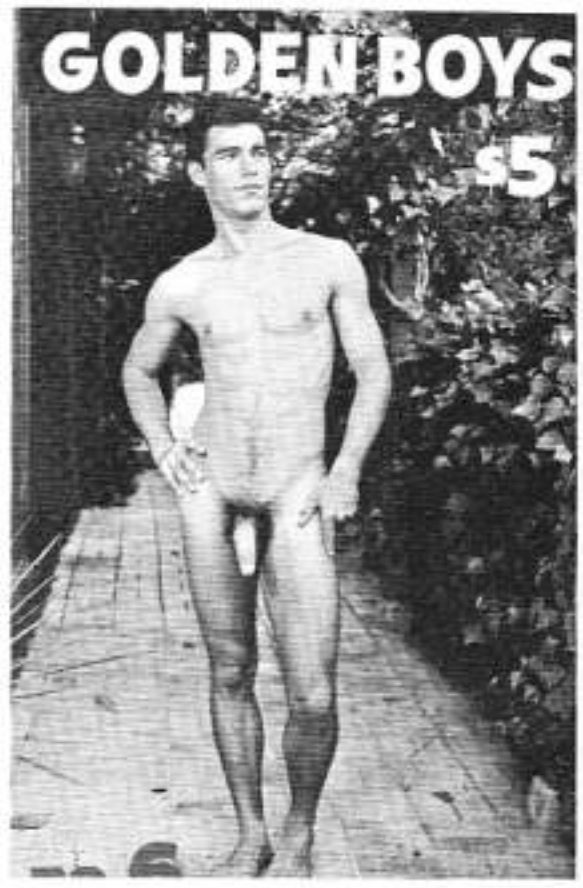

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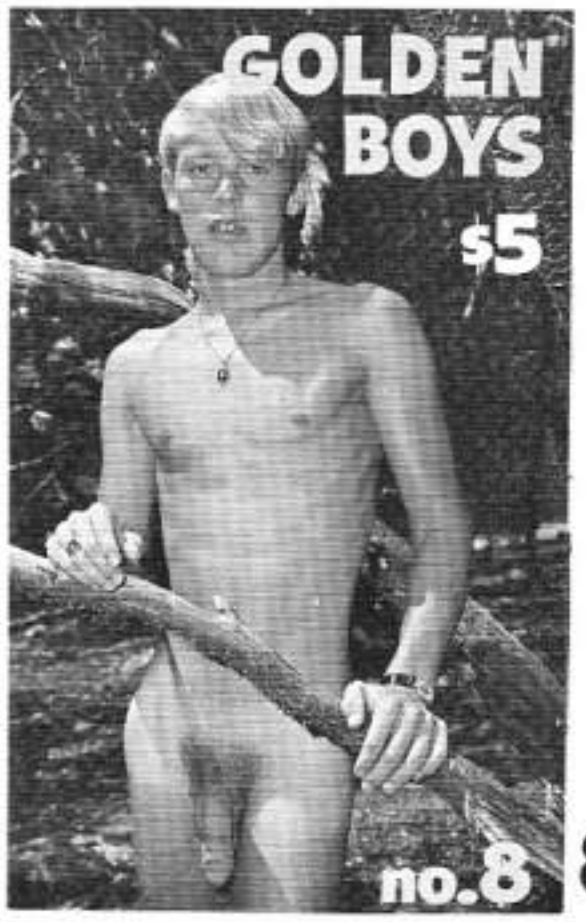

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